

VIRGINIA POLITICS.

A Well-Posted Globe Correspondent
Dishes Them Up.

FACTS, FACTIONS, AND FERVOR

In the Great Fight for Supremacy Now Going on—The Situation as seen by a Man on the Inside, with His Picturesque Views of Men and Measures, and Probable Outcome of the Campaign.

Richmond, Va., June 15.

The contest being waged for the gubernatorial nomination in this State is free from political partisanship, but is being fought on the lines of bossism versus reform. Never since 1875, when the late Senator Mahone and the present Senator Daniel were aspirants to fill the chair of the Chief Magistrate of the State, has political feeling run so high as in this campaign.

The two leading candidates, Messrs. Swanson and Montague, are both able men, experienced in public and State affairs, but the latter has proven himself the best vote-getter when the odds were all in favor of Swanson.

A summary of the situation is this: Senator T. S. Martin has become what he believes an absolute dictator of State politics. This disposition he successfully managed to conceal from the people at large throughout the State during his first term in the Senate, but immediately after his re-election in 1900, his cloven foot began to manifest itself, and he launched forth Swanson's boom for governor. It is said he systematically inaugurated a canvass of the entire State in the interest of his protégé, who, it is stated, through railroad and corporation influence, assisted him to retain his seat in the Senate. The Senator evidently thought he was playing a fine hand, and nearly every day during the last session of Congress this self-styled Napoleon of politics and his protégé could be seen in the Senate cloak-room in close and earnest conversation discussing the progress being made. They were aware that Montague had announced himself a candidate for governor, but no attention was paid to this announcement, it being treated as a mere bubble. As would be naturally argued, what could Montague hope to accomplish when Swanson had the support of the entire State machine behind him, with the astute Martin at the helm. This state of affairs existed until the early part of March, when, after a conference at Richmond between Martin and Senator Daniel, the latter announced himself to support Swanson. On its face, it looked like a combination of the State machine with the United States Senators, a majority of the congressional delegation, and the "heavy" politicians pledged to his support. However, another movement was on foot, started by Attorney General Montague, which has developed into formidable proportions. He sounded the keynote and the death-knell at a speech delivered in Manchester, when he openly and boldly declared the existence of this political ring, which had for its purpose the sole dictatorship and control of the suffrage of the people. Its effect was magical. From that time Montague has been leading in the number of pledged delegates to the convention, and now leads Swanson by a comfortable majority. This was manifestly embarrassing to the wily Martin, for he has since retired to his country home and disclaims any connection with the conduct of his favorite's campaign. He realizes that Montague's nomination not only means the founding of a new and absolute political party from public life, but he sees his political star and prowess vanishing over the horizon of oblivion. When the two bosses realized that the intelligence and the bone and sinew of true Democracy demanded to be heard in order to protect, promote and develop the industrial and commercial business of their State, Senator Daniel found he had important business before the constitutional convention to attend to, and all the other stalwarts concluded likewise, that there was "nothing doing," but still striving by various schemes and political machinations to save from ignominious defeat the idol of their boss and his factotum—Daniel.

If Montague is nominated, as it is confidently believed he will, it will only date the beginning of the end. It means he will, in all probability, name Senator Daniel's successor, and he, as a just reward for his work in saving the State, fasten to his belt the political scalp of Boss Martin. Another significant feature noticed here is the presence of General Fitz Lee, who, it is whispered, has declared himself as not out of politics, which is taken to mean he will lend all his power and influence to beat Swanson. General Lee is very popular among the masses of the people all over the State, and his support at this time will count for considerable. He has also an old political score to settle with the machine, as it was this same machine that defeated him for the Senate at the time Martin was elected. Inasmuch as the general has declared himself still in the political arena, he may yet be able to retire from public, after serving his State as Senator.

Mr. Swanson, it is known, will not have an easy time of even retaining his seat in Congress. He would have strong opposition for a re-nomination if Col. George W. Cabell, Jr., of Danville, could be induced to enter the race against him. The latter gentleman is an able lawyer, a finished orator, and extremely popular among the people of the Fifth Congressional District. It is he who has been doing such effective work for Montague among the laboring classes and farmers.

Of this it is certain, if Montague is not nominated he will be in absolute control and will name the man who will be the next governor of Virginia.

J. K. L.

TEN PER CENT SKINNERS.

A Victim Tells His Experience with
One of Our Advertisers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12, 1901.
To the Editor of THE GLOBE:
Believing you to be a fearless publisher of the truth, and have the courage of your convictions, you would be doing a great favor to hundreds of working men of this city if you would expose the robbing, thieving 10 per cent bond brokers of this District, notably Geo. D. Horning, Pa. ave and 9th

sts. I am writing this from personal experience, and not by prejudice. I borrowed \$15 from Horning the 9th of April, signing papers for three months at 10 per cent. Six weeks after I borrowed it he sent me a letter telling me if I failed to settle my note by Saturday he would enter suit. I then went to his office and he told me I borrowed it for one month. Does the law allow a brother to charge 10 per cent a month?

I then paid him \$1.65 for interest for the month of June, and he refused me a receipt until I had some more skin game papers signed, which I refused to do, and my case is standing.

Another case of a brother workman who borrowed \$500 for 3 or 4 months. He had six indorsers.

He left town and went to Baltimore, leaving his indorsers to pay his debt.

Horning made no attempt to collect from the man who borrowed it, but went right straight and sued the six indorsers.

The case was tried the other day before J. C. Strider, justice of the peace, 916 F street northwest, who seems to be in league with Horning. He granted judgment to Horning.

The indorsers were notified to appear before the justice, and they went before him and requested that the case be postponed until they could get their evidence, but the justice refused to postpone and settled things in two minutes, granting judgment to Horning. Col. Elliott, you would do a good turn if you would expose such robbing—120 to 140 per cent on the dollar.

If you decide to expose these robbers you can get more particulars by sending a representative to see us.

Respectfully,
WADE HAMPTON,
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Any evening after 6 p.m.

WOMEN'S COLUMN.

Interesting Items for Our Lady
Readers.

Young ladies are wise not to overburden themselves with many even though their wardrobe contains many tempting creations. When traveling, wear a tailor made skirt and coat of serge, cheviot mohair or linen, with a girl who wears a white shirt waist, hat and quills; these may become varieties; the two crowned styles are having many smart wearers. Select one or two pretty shirt waists with appropriate stocks and a slight summery gown made rather dressy. This will be required for some afternoon and evening occasions. If the stay is of short duration, would not take anything more. Patent leather Oxford ties must not be neglected, and if you are a member of the cream fair for complexion, fine powder, good soap and a flesh brush, together with other little toilet accessories. Nothing preserves one's good looks so much as careful grooming.

Use the yolk of the egg on the scalp in preference to the white. After rubbing in well be sure to rinse thoroughly.

Wedding invitations should be worded in the name of parents, and specify place of marriage.

Cora Urquhart Potter has at last found a part that suits her physique. She is playing in London the role of a servant, and, of course, dresses to carry out the serpentine suggestions of the character. The lovely Cora's favorite color is green. It is usually the tint most favored by red-haired beauties. As Nicandra, the serpent, she wears a sheathlike robe of emerald-green tissue, shot with gleams of vivid violet, and now and again, with a shimmer of silver. Over this comes a transparent and trailing drape of black net wrought with a scale-like design in jet, paillettes, while waves of violet and green are draped at the décolleté, and caught together here and there on the white arms by jeweled clasps. Two great square-cut emeralds fall low down on her forehead from strings of pearls wound in her ruddy hair.

Cut enough cold chicken into small pieces to make a large cupful, season with half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper, and let the meat stand for an hour in an earthenware dish, with the juice of one lemon squeezed over it. Make a batter of one cup of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, two cups of flour and two beaten eggs. Stir the meat into this, then drop a spoonful at a time into boiling fat and fry brown.

The prettiest of little under petticoats are of albatross cloth, and more or less elaborate. A little skirt of embroidered albatross, the pattern in bow knots or other small designs, is trimmed with a full around the lower edge of entre deux de wash ribbon and lace. Little skirts of this style cost half that sum. A simple skirt will have a little plain ruffle at the edge with lace; another will omit the ruffle and have plain embroidery around the edge instead. These skirts are made in the newest shapes. Some are the circular skirts and others gored, but made in the new style to fit perfectly around the hips. There are no yokes to these little skirts. A yoke is all satisfactory as far as it goes, but below the yoke there is a fullness which prevents the perfect set of one of the season's skirts. Such fullness as there is drawn up at the back with a ribbon. These skirts take the place of flannel.

"The man who loves his wife in the years that follow the honeymoon chose her in the first instance because he was conceitedly convinced that she was the most beautiful hour of her sex, and to him she remains just as fresh and just as fair as in the days in which he courted her. So long as he fondly loves, he can not see any change in her appearance. He will deeply resent any reference to the wife of his bosom as an old woman, and will sharply contradict her if she carelessly gives the number of her years. My husband grows so vexed if I mention the respectable list of my birthdays that I now maintain a demure silence when ages are the subject of conversation, and I feel reassured that no shadow has crossed his affection for me when every now and then he admits, that as far as he can see, I've not changed a hair since the days when we honeymooned together."

ON THE FIELD.

The Picture of His Sweetheart
Given a "Reb."

SOLDIER BROTHER ESCAPES

Interesting War Narrative of An Ex-Confederate Related to The Globe and a Party of Friends on the Evening of Last Memorial Day in a Down-town Hotel—Love and War.

On Memorial Evening last a party of ex-Confederate and ex-Union veterans were relating their experience and incidents of the war, in one of the hotels, and the many narrow escapes they had passed through in battle. Among this group was Corporal Joe Pearson, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry. The corporal said: "I will relate one of the most delightful stories of my life. It was at the battle of Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, where Gen. Zeb Stuart was killed. I had a very close call for my life on that occasion, which I will never forget. I was in advance of my regiment, on foot, with the enemies' lines. I was waiting for a loose horse to come along so that I could mount myself; mine had been killed in the battle. By some strange coincidence, an officer of Dahlgren's command and myself met in the road. He was splendidly mounted on a fine horse. He opened fire on me with his pistol. I had emptied my carbine and had not been able to load. I dashed behind a tree to save myself. He charged and continued to fire at me as I dodged around the tree to escape his shots. During this time, I slipped a charge in my gun and fired. He fell from his horse, and I thought he was dead. I sprang from behind the tree and caught the horse, and turned the officer's carbine over my shoulder. I was in a few moments, and then I will get my pistols." I looked back, and the officer was leaning against the same tree that had saved my life but a few moments before. I looked down the road and saw three or four cavalrymen charging after me at full speed. I stuck spurs to my horse and started for my boys. I knew exactly where they were. These four fellows kept after me for more than half a mile, firing and shouting at me. I was a good shot, and I kept firing. I returned a few shots, keeping at a safe distance ahead.

When I reached our picket lines I knew I was safe. Stuart's scouts closed in on the four boys in blue and they were brought in as prisoners. When they were brought in I recognized one of them. We had been fast friends in Washington before the war commenced. I said to him, laughingly: "Hello, Sam Jackson, is that you?" "Yes, Joe, this is what's left of me." "You fellows gave me a very close chase. If I had not been on a fresh Yankee horse you would have picked me up." "By heavens, Joe Pearson, was that you were running. We heard the firing and dashed ahead to see what it meant, and when a horseman dashed off at such rapid speed ahead of us, we knew it was a Johnnie Reb; for that reason we gave chase and here we are." I went up and had a hearty handshake with my old boyhood friend, and said to him: "It is tough times on our side of the line. We are short on rations, and everything else in the way of necessities, comfort and luxuries." Sam Jackson was a brave man as ever, and a good soldier. I hated to see him to prison. I was dead in love with his sister, and I wanted a chance to talk to him about the girl I had left behind. When the guard detail was made for the night to be sent to the prison, I was a good luck to be one of them. As the night passed slowly away, the other boys became weary of the want of sleep, and they, with the prisoners, dozed, but Sam and myself were not sleepy. At last, I recognized one of the words into his ear about his sister. He slipped something into my hand, and said, "Keep this; it is her picture." I waited until a convenient chance presented itself, then I went to the guard post and took the picture. I was the happiest man of my soldier life. Whilst I was thus thinking of her, who was then sleeping across the blue Potomac, my mind was crowded with thoughts as to how I could arrange for her brother to escape and bear her a message from her rebel lover. Finally, as the first dawn of day began to show its streaks of approaching light in the East, I had matured my plan, and reasoned from the old adage that all was fair in love and war. I knew the boys who were detailed to take the prisoners to Richmond. I took one of them into my confidence and told him my whole story. He was a brave, noble young fellow from Loudoun County, Virginia. He grasped my hand and said to me: "By this right hand do I swear that I will loose that fellow before we get to Richmond." He spoke this in a tone to be heard by the other members of the guard, who thought this fellow was a bushwhacker. I had posted my friend to what he should do. That night the prisoners were started for Richmond, and, sure enough, my man was last on route. When the guard returned, my good friend, whom I had trusted, told me Sam was all right. The other fellows thought the sergeant had taken the bushwhacker to one side and had shot him. He did take him out and fired his gun twice and returned to the camp, saying, "That fellow won't bushwhack us any more." "Served him right," chimed in the others. "That's the way to do them kind of fellows who are too cowardly to stand up and take his dose in the front ranks. My friend, the prisoner, was not long in making his way back to his command. Some months after that I was unfortunate enough to be captured by the enemy and taken to Washington as a prisoner of war, and from there to Point Lookout. Whilst I was at the Point Lookout, I met in the camp, with a number of other Confederates, waiting to be shipped to prison, I saw an

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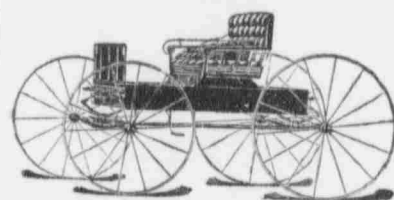
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